

The Washington Times.

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The action of the local Coal Dealers' Association in fixing a reasonable set price for anthracite coal will ally many public apprehensions and misgivings. The sufferings and annoyances of the coal embargo were pinching enough while they lasted, and it is a gratification to know that the public is not to be forced to pay any further factitious tolls, now that the operators and miners have settled their differences and a free market for anthracite has again been opened.

The Colombian government would perhaps be more than human if it did not try to strike as profitable a bargain as possible in disposing of isthmian franchises and territorial rights. Our South American neighbor wants "spot cash," and wants it badly; and with one gold dollar exchanging for 130 dollars in paper currency, a draft for a million or two on the United States Treasury would mean to the Bogota government a windfall of almost fabulous proportions. But the Colombian statesmen should beware of haggling too long or too shrewdly. Do they want to run the risk of scaring off the goose which has it in its power to lay such monumental golden eggs?

Thoughtful attention should be devoted by the Secretary of the Treasury and by Congress to the recommendation of the District Commissioners that the cost of extraordinary items of municipal improvement should be met from a sinking fund, to be established for this purpose and extending over a considerable period of years. The great disadvantage of being compelled to meet such expenditures as will be necessitated by the building of a filtration plant, a sewage disposal plant, and the municipal building, for instance, out of the regular District budget is apparent at a glance. The plan commonly adopted in other cities is based on the sinking fund idea, and the recommendation of the District Commissioners is practical and business-like.

Mr. Chandler's New Role.

William E. Chandler is to represent a Democratic constituency in the New Hampshire constitutional convention, and the fact is cited as an instance of the concord between the lion and the lamb that is to be when Angelica reigns in church and state. But why appeal to the imagination for simile when the memory supplies precedent? When Israel was ruled by judges the uncircumcised Philistine had a trick of plowing with the Israelite heifer, and thereby was able to solve a riddle with the questions, "What is sweeter than honey? What is stronger than the lion?"

Mr. Chandler will be a very useful man in the constitutional convention. He will serve to remind his colleagues that they are finite, and that the life of the state builder is not altogether "one grand, sweet song." He can be depended on to propound some embarrassing, if not impertinent, questions. He may be depended on to know as much of things that, to the casual observer, do not concern him, but which he will make his concern, as the late Ben Butler himself. It may be that Mr. Chandler will meet in the convention some one or more of the gentlemen who were instrumental in rendering him a statesman "out of a Senatorial job." When "Gentleman Chucks" put the captain's jacket on one Webster and made merry thereat, Marryat's immortal boatswain delivered an oration closing with the threat to make M. W. see more stars than there were in the firmament, and cut more capers than all the dancing masters in France, or words of that import. Chandler will be in a mood to do something like that when the Boston and Maine is the theme of discussion.

The Democrats of Mr. Chandler's district may ascribe their support of his candidacy to an "era of good feeling," as they call it; but it is a very good play of practical politics, and is marvelously suggestive of plowing with the enemy's heifer.

The ex-Senator has some enemies, and to them he will be faithful to the end. From his first session in the Senate of the United States there have been Democrats who had for him the admiration Lord Chancellor Thurlow expressed for the Satan that Milton pictured.

Mr. Damrosch's Error.

When Walter Damrosch, on the witness stand in the suit of Victor Herbert against the "Musical Courier," of New York, was asked if he considered street pianos and hand organs the chief test of popularity in musical compositions, he turned pale, lifted his protesting eyes to heaven and cried "No!" almost as if he were sounding the Valkyrie's call.

It is easy to understand that Mr. Damrosch has suffered agonies at the

hands of those who turn the cranks of these instruments of torture. If he is sensitive in proportion to his musical culture, one can imagine him dashing his head against the wall and sweating blood at the first onset of a street piano and then fainting as the last squeaking wall pierces his soul with its asthmatic quaver. We know Mr. Damrosch suffers, because we ourselves suffer; and to the average American music is but an incidental diversion, while to Mr. Damrosch it is the chief end of man.

Yet the discomfiting fact remains that Mr. Damrosch is mistaken in his discrediting of these hurdy-gurdies as the reflectors of taste, so to speak, in popular music. The persons who manufacture street pianos and hand organs "aim to please," as old-style advertisements were wont to say. Unlike Mr. Damrosch, they haven't the faintest desire to uplift the people in music—their one intent is to discover what the public considers as "a good thing" in the way of a tune, and then to have their perambulating patrons literally "push it along." They don't care a rap whether it's Moszkowski or ragtime, Saint-Saens or "Sultan of Sulu"—if the people want it, it goes and out it comes on their cylinders.

And what the people want is, inexorably, the one and only test of popularity. Poor Mr. Damrosch may wince and wall and wish otherwise, but he cannot escape the inevitable. It is not his fault; it is not the fault of the composers; it is not even the fault of the street pianos and hand organs—it's the people's fault. Just the minute high-class music is more popular with the multitude than the van-derville ballad or the comic opera chorus or the cake-walk coon song, you'll hear street pianos and hand organs grinding out Mr. Damrosch's favorites by the yard.

Europe and the St. Louis Fair.

When General Corbin went abroad recently he was instructed by President Roosevelt to use his best efforts to advance the interests of the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904. It is apparent that these instructions have been carried out with admirable effectiveness.

Thanks to the influence exerted by General Corbin's representations there is now a reasonable certainty of a most distinguished English and German attendance at the World's Fair. The King of England will send the Prince and Princess of Wales to St. Louis in 1904 as his personal representatives. Emperor William of Germany has assured General Corbin that the German Government will be brilliantly represented. It is not unlikely that the Crown Prince of Germany will head this mission.

The effect of such action on the part of England and Germany will be of the greatest benefit to the World's Fair of 1904. It is but natural that the example thus set by these powers should be followed by Russia, France, Austria, Italy, and other foreign nations. The fact that Europe's blood royal proposes to attend the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will cause a general European attendance, from the higher class down, which would not attain so great a volume otherwise. Foreign interest in the World's Fair of 1904 must be increased to the highest point by this proof of the importance in which the first international exposition of the twentieth century is held.

For these achievements in behalf of the World's Fair, General Corbin has unquestionably earned the gratitude of the management of that great enterprise, and will doubtless be appropriately informed to that effect. The people of the Middle West, whose interest in the success of the fair is exceptionally keen, cannot fail to recognize the value of the services thus rendered. They will not be slow to testify their appreciation.

Time was when the critic who wished to compliment a young author said that his work resembled that of Kipling. Now they compliment him by saying that it doesn't.

Does Secretary Wilson claim credit for that local chrysanthemum wedding?

The ghost of the Sampson-Schley controversy has been seen in the Supreme Court chamber.

After all this interviewing of novelists on their descriptions of the cowboy, perhaps it would be instructive to interview the cowboy and get his description of the novelist.

The W. C. T. U. says that it will wipe out cigarette smoking in two years; and it is surely fortunate that the cigarette people have not made a vow to smoke out the W. C. T. U. to that length of time.

A woman in Maine climbed a tree to get away from an enraged moose, shot him, and was fined \$100 for shooting

gam against the law of the State. Perhaps she should be grateful that they did not fine her for climbing the tree.

One of these days some enterprising newspaper will print, under the head of "Poems You Should Know," that useful specimen of blank verse—the multiplication table.

There has been a production of "Julius Caesar" in Chicago, and it appears to be matter for surprise that it could be played without topical songs in ragtime.

Prohibition in Maine is said to be in a parlous case. They might compel people to drink and see how that would work.

The average man is said to use twelve million words a year; and he would feel abused if asked to economize on them.

It is safe to believe that in passing favorably on the title to the Panama Canal Attorney General Knox was not talking through his hat.

Now that so many authors have entered political life, we shall either have a great American political novel or find that the playwrights have dramatized the campaign.

Mr. Cleveland's confident predictions may yet prove the "New York Sun" to another Stuffed Prophet crusade.

Mr. Rayner, of Maryland, wants our flag pulled down in the Philippines. So does the Sultan of Bacolod.

General Young's advancement to the head of the army will prove anew that every American private soldier carries a lieutenant general's shoulder straps in his knapsack.

According to the "Schenectady Star" Governor Odell hopes to strip off Senator Platt's toga by a rip up the back.

Which does Justice Truxter dread the most—Victor Herbert's music or Walter Damrosch's humming of it?

That navy resignation epidemic resembles an eight-hour day walk-out.

"A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS."

You wouldn't think that a Sherlock Holmes would be needed to follow the scent of a criminal fleeing from justice.

Sleuths lose with 1,700 pounds of limburger cheese as his stolen booty, yet the fact remains that Sheriff Brownell, of Ulica, N. Y., and his entire staff of deputies now confess that, though the man's offense is rank and smells to heaven, they cannot get a clue to his whereabouts. A clue—and nearly a ton of limburger at large. Of course, every York State sheriff can't be born with the thief-hunter's nose, but this is a case where almost any old nose would seem to serve the purpose. Ulica is in a bad way in the matter of sleuths.

Editor Atwood, of the "Stillman Valley Graphic," in the resourceful state of Illinois, must surely share with his subscribers the old-fashioned bucolic faith. He's a Human in editorial omniscience and adaptability. Kaleidoscope. It is, probably, which has led Mr. Atwood himself to figure not only as Stillman Valley's editor, but its justice of the peace, undertaker, village preacher, tombstone agent, insurance agent, and member of the school board. The lightning changes necessary daily by such a Poo Bah existence as this must make Editor Atwood feel like a glittering kaleidoscope working overtime.

Miss Laura Updegraff, of the pleasant town of Williamsport, in the pastoral peacefulness of Pennsylvania, ran counter to one of mankind's most cherished beliefs when, in response to a suit for \$38, the value of presents given to her by a finally discarded sweetheart, she filed a cross claim of \$137 for the meals eaten at her father's table by this young man during the period of his courtship. Surely no true lover, sighing like a furnace, moon-gazing and feasting upon sweet thoughts of the lady of his dreams, ever ate coarse, material Pennsylvania hog and hominy to the extent thus charged in all the dreadful phraseology of a petition at law! Perish the thought—or else perish the romance!

Young—or is it old?—Mr. Wiggins, who, you will remember, was promoted by Pension Commissioner Ware the other day for having made some sort of phenomenal record in never having taken a holiday from work, has just been photographed for one of the leading American magazines. I was about to say that Mr. Wiggins is like Byron, in that he awoke one morning and found himself famous, but I'm not certain that this indefatigable clerk ever sleeps. In my mind's eye I see him sitting at his desk all night in the next morning.

"JACQUES OF ARDEN."

CURRENT PRESS COMMENT.

An Illogical Position.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE—Nebraska banks are bursting with money as an overripe October burr with chestnuts, but its owners will not invest in Eastern securities on account of the large amount of water in them. For a State that continually barks with a two million prairie dog power for irrigation works, to be helped along with the nation's money, this seems an illogical position to take.

Currency Reform.

PHILADELPHIA EVENING TELEGRAPH—The special devices by which the Treasury has returned funds to commercial circulation, such as the purchase of bonds and the extraordinary deposits with national banks, are temporary resorts to meet emergencies. What the country needs is such an effective readjustment of the law respecting this matter as will permit the prompt and regular return of funds collected by the Government to the channels of commercial circulation.

COURTS AND CAPITALS OF THE OLD WORLD

In view of the ever increasing number of frauds perpetrated by swindlers in this country and abroad by men purporting to be the long missing Archduke John of Austria, of whose fate nothing reliable has been heard since the day when, under the name of John Orth, he set sail from Montevideo for Valparaiso, it may be just as well to give a few hints with regard to his personal appearance, which neither passage of time nor change of climate is likely to alter.

In the first place, he was completely bald, and had been so as a young man, long, indeed, before he was thirty years of age. This baldness was in a measure concealed by a brown wig, matching the color of his beard. But he never made pretense that it was anything else but a wig, declaring that he wore it merely for the sake of avoiding colds in the head in winter and attacks by the flies in summer. He would occasionally startle people who met him for the first time by suddenly, in the course of conversation, removing his wig in order to "luffen," that is, to "air," his bald pate. He was wont to talk of his "day" wig and his "evening" wig, and made them the subject of many a joke.

It is unlikely that he has been able to raise a fresh crop of hair during the course of the ten years that have elapsed since he vanished from sight, unless he has discovered a hair restorer of a power until now unknown to science. Therefore any man who endeavors to obtain either social prestige or money by means of pretense that he is John Orth, the missing archduke of the imperial house of Hapsburg, may be safely set down as a fraud, unless he is bald or wears a wig.

In the second place, Archduke John was neither tall nor elegant; nor did he possess any of the marked facial characteristics of the dynasty to which he belonged. He was, indeed, rather under than above medium stature, did not carry himself well, and had a tendency when he last left Austria to embonpoint. It is probable that with increasing age, if he is still living, his girth has increased.

I used the word "if" advisedly, for there are many people both in Europe and in this country who, in spite of all the circumstantial evidence to the contrary, still believe that the archduke is in the land of the living, and that he may possibly be established on some of the more remote islands of the southern Pacific, which, being out of the beaten track of ships, remain sometimes for whole decades or more undiscovered by any European or American craft.

Nine-tenths of the stories printed about Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg, and about her mental condition, originate with her father, Leopold of Belgium. While it is perfectly true that she is still an inmate of the sanitarium of Dr. Pierson, in the suburbs of Dresden, she is quite well enough and sane enough to drive about in the streets of the city. She is a regular attendant at the court church, where Tuesday, three weeks ago, she had a requiem mass celebrated for her mother, the late Queen of the Belgians, and at which the princess was present in person with her lady-in-waiting.

The princess has likewise received several visits from her aunt, the Countess of Flanders, who has been staying at Dresden with the widowed Queen Carola of Saxony, and has been seen out driving with the countess. The latter, married to the younger brother of King Leopold, has remained on the most affectionate terms with both her elder nieces. It may be recalled that after the Countess Lonyay was driven by her father from her mother's bier, she spent some time at Brussels with her uncle and aunt, the Count and Countess of Flanders, who did not make any pretense of concealing their sentiments of sympathy and kindness toward her.

The woman for whose sake Count Eugene Esterhazy has deserted the order of the Jesters is a Mile. Marie de Teylard, about thirty-four years of age, who has lived for several years at Budapest, where she earned her living by giving French lessons. The count, who was one of the most eloquent pulpits orators of the religious order to which he belonged, and whose sermons always attracted crowded congregations, became infatuated with her some time ago in such a manner as to lead to the remotest of his provincial. It was thereupon that the count informed the latter that he was leaving for Vienna, with the object of putting an end to the talk to which his conduct had given rise. But instead of going thither, he made his way to the south of France, whither he has been preceded, followed, or accompanied by the woman in question, who is with him in the Riviera. He has announced his intention of marrying her.

It is through his lawyers that he has instituted legal proceedings in the Austrian courts for the recovery of the half million of florins which he gave to the order on joining it years ago, alleging that the gift was not of a voluntary character, and that he was unduly influenced. His brothers are devout Catholics, and it is unlikely that they will do anything to help him in a financial way, or to assist in the recovery of his money from the Jesuit order. Indeed, they regard his action in contemplating marriage with Mile. de Teylard, in defiance of his solemn vows of priesthood and celibacy, as something in the light of a sacrilege, entailing the most severe kind of ostracism.

His case in certain respects recalls that of Prince Edmund Radziwill. The latter, after leading a rather gay life as a cavalry officer, and involving himself in financial difficulties, suddenly abandoned both the army and the world of pleasure, and became a Benedictine monk.

His creditors continued to sue him, one in particular endeavoring to recover a loan of \$60,000. The matter was carried before the supreme court of the German empire, at Leipzig, which took the view that the prince in becoming a monk, and in taking the vows of the

Benedictine order, had become dead from a civic point of view, and therefore could no longer be regarded as a party to any legal proceedings. Now, if this view of the supreme court of the German empire at Leipzig is accepted in Austro-Hungary, the state religion of which is Roman Catholic, it will be difficult to see how Count Esterhazy can possibly recover his money from the Jesuit order, or any property from his family, since, having become civilly dead by joining the order, he can no longer be regarded as a party in any legal proceedings.

Prince Edmund Radziwill, by the by, who died a short time ago as a Benedictine monk and as a prelate of the papal household, must not be confounded with his brother, Wladislaw Radziwill, who is a member of the order of the Jesuits.

I mentioned the other day in these columns how the great ladies of the French aristocracy, wives and daughters of the territorial magnates, are availing themselves of their state diplomas as "institutes"—that is, as governess or teacher—to open schools on their estates for the reception of the pupils of the schools which were maintained by nuns and members of religious orders who had failed to obtain the authorization of the government, and which were therefore closed by the authorities.

Among the number is the ultra-chic Comtesse de Greffulhe, one of the leaders of fashion on the banks of the Seine, and by birth a Princess Caraman Chimay. Over the entrance of the school on her estate at Bois Bouvran, near Paris, is the inscription: "Instituteur: La Comtesse de Greffulhe, nee de Caraman Chimay." The children, having instruction provided for them in a school presided over by a lady duly patented as teacher by the state, are sent exempted from attendance upon those lay municipal schools, from which all religious instruction is rigorously excluded.

MARQUISE DE POSTENY.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

Alphonse Bertillon, whose system of measuring criminals for purposes of detection has made his name known, has undertaken to educate the Paris police in the art of describing faces. Each policeman receives an album containing one thousand photographs of persons whose presence is not desired in Paris. These portraits are grouped methodically according to height, ears and nose. M. Bertillon attaches especial value to the ear in describing the criminal because, he says, no two ears are alike.

Some time ago the lord lieutenant of Ireland agreed to attend a race meeting, and a carriage was reserved for him on a special train run from Dublin. The adjoining carriage was reserved for Lord Ardilaun, who is in the brewing business, and manufactures a malt liquor known as XX. Amusement and some consternation, on the part of the railway authorities followed the discovery that a porter of a labor-saving turn of mind had chalked on one carriage "For His Ex." and on the other "For His XX."

The real name of the Mad Mullah of Somaliland is Sadullah, and he came originally from the Buner country. In 1898 Sir Bindon Blood and his division marched through Buner and the house of the Mad Mullah was blown up with dynamite. He has figured in most of the wars against the Pathans, and has never been really conquered. It is rumored that a renegade English officer, a graduate of Sandhurst, was captured by him some years ago, and has taught him not only the English language, but telegraphic, military strategy and other things. It is certain that this Moham-madan chieftain has made a study of every Western invention and custom within his reach.

M. Combes, the French premier, who is trying to settle the coal strike in that country by moral suasion, is by profession a physician. He was at one time a schoolmaster, and is a leading authority on French educational affairs. His writings embrace such subjects as Kant's metaphysics, the works of Virgil, the philosophy of Augustinus, and the social theories of St. Simon.

"UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES."

An Applied Precept.

"Is it larceny," asked the ostrich, "to take back what is one's own?"

"Certainly not," replied the missionary's wife, promptly.

"Then I will do so," said the ostrich, and forthwith reached out her neck and plucked the feathers out of the lady's bonnet and ate them. Thereupon the lady received a different interpretation.

True Bliss.

"What," said the maiden, earnestly, "is your idea of heaven?"

The face of the suburbanite took on a rapt expression, and he said:

"To sit at the window of an apartment house and see the city people who have mocked at me nuzzling past with their arms full of bundles, to catch the Jersey City beat."

Saving Vanity.

"Was that a suicide on the top floor this morning?"

"No; it might have been, but the woman had had a quarrel with her fiancé, and she spent so much time dressing up she'd look all right when they found her, that he repented and came back in time to smell the illuminating gas."

The Usual Substitute.

"The judge earnestly requested the public to suspend judgment during the trial."

"And did they?"

"No; they suspended the accused from the nearest tree."

The Wisdom of Moderation.

It is well not to be in too much of a hurry to climb on the band wagon, because it sometimes turns out to be a patrol wagon.

Tantalizing.

"Cully," whispered Slim Jake, "dis is a peach of a crowd, but de police is on."

"You're right," sadly responded Cincinnati Sam. "Makes me tink of what me mother user say in de days of me youth and innocence: 'You may look, but yer mustn't touch.'"

Side Lights on National Politics.

Mr. Cleveland Is Timid.

The Hon. Grover Cleveland has taken time by the forelock. He is explaining the motives of his emergence from his hermit lodge at Princeton before Col. Henry Waterson or some other indignant Democrat hurls a brick at him. "There are other Democrats coming forward, and I am quite content to stay in retirement and enjoy the repose of home life," says Mr. Cleveland, in his latest public utterance. This is supposed to mean that he is not a candidate. But it is not understood what he means by the Delphic declaration that "there are other Democrats coming forward."

For example, a good many Democrats yet think that Mr. Bryan has "come forward." Others there are who believe that Mr. Olney "has come forward." Neither of these Democrats is coming, but both have "come." On the whole, it is thought that maybe Mr. Cleveland thinks the Hon. Bird S. Coler is "coming forward." However, it is believed that in his speech at Morris-town, N. J., tomorrow, the ex-President will say things that will throw more light upon his views and intentions. He announces that this is the only speech he will make, and warns everybody not to ask him to deliver another political address.

Addicks Keeps Them Guessing.

Whether or not the Hon. J. Edward Addicks is still a candidate for the Senate is the interesting question just now in Delaware. One report has it that Mr. Addicks has decided to withdraw from the race. Another report equally circumstantial says that he is strengthening his fences all along the line. He held another conference in Philadelphia Monday night with several of his supporters, and from this conference the contradictory reports noted were started. It continues to be believed generally that if Mr. Addicks is a candidate the Legislature to be elected next week either will be Democratic or will contain a sufficient number of anti-Addicks Republicans to provoke another Senatorial deadlock, and thus deprive Delaware of any representation in the Senate. At the same time the Democratic managers in the Blue Hen State are aware that Mr. Addicks' activity in the feature of the campaign, all reports of his withdrawal from the race to the contrary notwithstanding. But even this does not discourage their expectations of carrying the Legislature, and sending Messrs. Kenney and Salsbury to the Senate.

They Raised the Money.

It has been learned that to Lewis Nixon, Isador Straus, Ben F. Cable, and James M. Griggs is due nearly all the credit for raising the comfortable campaign fund with which the Democratic committee has been able to make a fight for control in the next House. The finance committee of the Congress contains the names of twenty or more of the biggest Democrats in the country; but the four here named are the men who have done the hard work of raising the sinews of war. They have raised the money from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf, for campaign cash, and as a result they have poured into the treasury of the committee something over sixty thousand dollars. This is more money, it is reliably stated, than the managers of a Democratic Congress campaign have had since Roswell P. Flower was at the head of the committee which carried the Crisp Congress in 1890. Incidentally it is pertinent to the present conditions of uncertainty to relate that the day before the election of that Congress Mr. Flower frankly told Judge Crisp that he did not believe the Democrats could win the House. The Democrats say that the Republican managers have had less money this year than in any Congress campaign since 1892, and place the amount of cash which has been at the disposal of Chairman Babcock at \$90,000.

Who Would Succeed Cannon?

In the event of Republican success next week and of the election of the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon to the Speakership of the House, it is believed that one of the most annoying problems with which the new Speaker would be confronted at the beginning of his duties would be the selection of his successor for the head of the great Appropriations Committee. "Uncle Joe" has held this important chairmanship for so long a time that it would seem odd to see anybody else occupying his place, and it is doubtless true that he would have great difficulty in convincing himself that anybody else should have it. If he should follow the usual rule of seniority he would promote the Hon. Henry H. Bingham of Pennsylvania to the chairmanship, as General Bingham has held the second place on the Republican side of the committee for several years.

Next to the Pennsylvania on the list is the Hon. James A. Hemenway, of Indiana, whose district, by the way, is thought to be very close, and who is being urged upon the Hoosiers for return to Congress on the plea that he will be made Chairman of the Appropriations Committee if Mr. Cannon is elected Speaker. This prospect is said to be extremely alluring to the Indiana, irrespective of political affiliations, since for time out of mind the Hoosiers have been noted for the ease with which they compose their political differences when an appropriation is in sight. Should Mr. Hemenway be elected to the next House it is believed that General Bingham still would have a contest for this choice chairmanship, as then powerful influences would be brought to bear upon the Speaker for the selection respectively of Mr. McClellan, of Minnesota, Mr. Littauer of New York, the President's close friend—and Mr. Gardner of New Jersey.

Mr. Whitney Indifferent.

The return from Europe of the Hon. W. C. Whitney had been looked forward to with great expectancy by the Democratic managers both in New York and in Washington. It appears, however, that he has disappointed their hopes. They had believed that he would replenish their coffers, but if rumors from headquarters in the Hoffman House, New York, and from Fifteenth Street, Washington, are reliable, Mr. Whitney has not written his check for a cent. He announced upon his arrival last Saturday that he had permanently retired from politics, as well as business, and intended to devote himself to the development of his racing stables; but this was not thought to mean that he would completely divorce himself from his party's affairs. Mr. Cleveland's

participation in the campaign was believed to signify a reawakening of lively interest among the old guard, but it seems evident that Mr. Whitney does not share the feeling of Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Olney.

Confident Democratic Hopes.

At Democratic headquarters, in this city, reports continue to come from all parts of the country that are most favorable to the Democratic prospects. For the most part these reports are written by the Democratic candidates for Congress, and are characterized by a restraint of expression and a caution of prediction that are decidedly unusual. They show that, according to the view of the Democrats in the field, the Republicans will lose the House by a majority ranging from 11 to 20. Particularly confident claims of gains are made in West Virginia, California, Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Maryland. There seems to be absolutely no doubt in the minds of the men making these reports that their analysis of the situation in their respective districts is correct. They do not write as if they are attempting to deceive themselves or anybody else. And yet it remains a fact of overshadowing interest that very few of the men in Washington supposed to be political experts believe that the Republicans will lose the House, whatever may happen in the State elections.

Danger in Jersey.

The conservative "New York Tribune" perceives that there is considerable danger of the Republicans losing five districts in New Jersey—the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Ninth. This would overwhelm one of the best-known members of the New Jersey delegation—the Hon. Charles N. Fowler, of the Fifth district—and would set back his movement for a further strengthening of the gold system. The other Republicans who the "Tribune" says are in danger are not so well known as Mr. Fowler. They are B. F. Howell, of New Brunswick; W. M. Lanning, of Trenton; William L. Barbour, of Saddle River, and Robert Carey, of Jersey City. At Democratic headquarters in this city the expectation is to carry only four districts in New Jersey.

THE LABOR QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA

By F. W. Reitz, former Secretary of State of the Transvaal Republic.

We think that the workmanman was better off under the Transvaal government than he is today; and the truth of this opinion can be easily confirmed by consulting the newspapers of Johannesburg and Cape Town. Overseers of mines and other workmen of similar standing, including trained mechanics who earned £1 a day under the old regime, are glad to get from 8 shillings to 10 shillings today. And the same ratio of diminished wages runs through all branches and degrees of labor.

The great object of the mining people seems to be to substitute, as far as possible, the cheap Kaffir laborer, or any other native workman, or Japanese, or Chinese, or other Asiatic labor, for the former white workman.

There are many men who belonged to the different corps during the war who have been entertaining hopes of settling in South Africa and making their way in the world. But, according to all reports, they have thus far been grievously disappointed. The situation may be righted without outside intervention eventually, but at present the hotels, boarding houses and other gathering places are full of men looking for work.

Warnings have been sent by the consuls of other countries, to the effect that the labor market is not flourishing, and their warnings are being heeded; but what to do with those already on the ground is still a great question.

The thousands of houses that were destroyed during the war will probably be rebuilt in time; but even of this I am not sure, and, in any event, the mere planning for rebuilding will take much valuable time, because the people are far too impoverished to begin work at once.

Even the natives keenly feel the strained circumstances of the present. The Kaffirs used to earn £4 a month and were boarded by their employers. True, their food did not amount to much from our point of view, and consisted almost entirely of what you call here "hominy." But it was what they had always been accustomed to and what they could best work on. Today there is great difficulty in obtaining Kaffir labor at all, and whether it is owing to the insufficient offers made them by their would-be employers or on account of the Kaffirs' dislike of the present unsettled condition of the country, I am unable to say.

But there are certainly plenty of able-bodied workmen, as a search through the Portuguese territory and the different Kaffir native states will clearly prove. These men are willing to work, and are good miners, and when properly superintended, often work as hard and faithfully as the white helpers. But they must be managed properly. They are nothing but overgrown children, and must be handled as such—kindly yet firmly. They cannot be driven or be treated as equals.

There are places for from 70,000 to 100,000 workers in the mines, but how to obtain the proper men and how to solve the problem of their labor are two questions not yet settled by the people now in power.

And this makes the cost of mining an open question. We used to be able to compute to a penny the cost of mining an ounce of gold; but under the present circumstances the exports have been unable to arrive at an approximate guess. In Kimberley the compound system is now in vogue. By this is meant that the workers are penned in the yards (or compounds), where they are at work for two or three weeks at a time, or as long as their work lasts. This system does not exist in the gold fields, because our government (and here I refer, of course,